### THE EARLY BAINS.

Down through the misty air. Down from the gloom above, Falling, pattering everywhere, The rain comes quick with love. Softly the missel-thrush Sings in the golden storm The robin under a laurel bush Waits for to-morrow morn.

Drip, drip, drip from the eaves, Pit, pit, pit on the pane, Swish, swish, swish on the drenched leaves List! 'tis the song of the rain. Grasses are bending low,

Green is the corn and thick; You can almost see the nettles grow They grow so strong and quick Soft is the wind from the west, Softer the rain's low sigh;

The sparrow washes his smoky breast And watches the gloomy sky. Stirred are the boughs by the breeze. Searcely a leaf is still, Something is moving among the trees Like a restless spirit of ill

Standing watching the min. Do you not seem to hear The voice of God outspeaking again To man's ungrateful ear? Promising plenty and peace, Garners with trensure heaped.

The seed-time and barvest shall not cease Till the Harvest of Earth be reased.

CHADSEY'S REVENGE.

When Ralph Chadsey proposed to Helen Grantham and was refused, he was a very angry man. He knew that he was homely, ignorant and awkward, that his tastes were not refined, and that his home circle was not one in which a lady could be happy; he also knew that Miss Grantham was very pretty, accomplished and the inmate of a home which every one delighted to visit. But he was equally certain that he was the sole

owner of a small factory that yielded him several thousand dollars per year, and he had been taught to believe that no faults of birth, education or manners would prevent a man of means marrying into any family that had little or no money.
Miss Grantham's refusal therefore

amazed him, and as, thanks to generaread: tions of mean anestors, he recognized no rights but his own and had never experienced the faintest throb of chivalrous feeling, he soon came to hate Miss Grantham as much as he had loved her,

and when the young woman soon afterward accepted and married Frank Hatcher, the rejected lover swore he would have revenge on both Helen and her

In any one but a brute the desire for revenge would soon have been gratified by the experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Hat-cher, for Frank. although one of the charming fellows whom all women adore, had in business but little stabili-ty and shrewdness. He made bad debts for his employers, spent his salary be-fore he carned it, and ran so heavily into debt that his brightness and his wife's bloom rapidly disappeared. Several acts of carelessness caused him to lose his situation, and he reached a degree of desperation that would have made almost any vindictive enemy pity him. Just then the Civil War broke out and Frank was lucky enough to obtain commission, the income of which brought comfort to his wife and baby. But even in the army his carelessness got him into many misfortunes the last of which was that he lost his life by

not exhibiting proper vigilance at an

outpost.

On hearing of Hatcher's death all ereditors forgave him and tendered their sympathies to his wife; but Chadsey, instead of burying his hate in the dead soldier's grave, felt more tive than ever. It seemed to him that his opportunity had escaped him, so he added intensity to his hatred and heaped all upon the dead man's memor Helen bravely endeavored to earn a living for herself and child, and Chadsey took a room from which he could se her every cold, wet morning as she hurried to the store in which she stood all day as a saleswoman. Now, he fully be-lieved she regretted having rejected him: now he could not doubt she would gladly accept him were he to propose. The thought gave him the most blissful sensation of his life, and he swore to himself that he would rather die a thousand deaths than let her see a penny of his

And he found, to his great delight, a new object to hate; it was the son of whom Hatcher had left when he went to the war grew rapidly, and was as mis-chievous as boys in general. He had his fair proportion of quarrels with other boys in the village, and Chadsey some-times was delighted beyond measure by the spectacle of little Frank being se verely pounded by a larger boy. Chadsey was also pleased on recognizing on the boy, from time to time, clothing that undoubtedly had been made from garments disguise—and thus each one was required that Frank Hatcher, Senior, had worn

Occasionally Chadsey would hear that some one had proposed to the pretty widow but without success, and more than once when wondering aloud why to the business of signing. It shows "the pink and white fool," as he always however, the little importance that wa called her, declined suitors with money, he was answered with:

'Perhaps she's waiting for you, Chad-

This remark was always accompanied by a coarse laugh, but the object of it did not wince, for he took in earnest what was meant for fun. Waiting for Was that the reason she always passed his lodgings on her way to her work? Was it to effect him to tenderness that she wore expressions sweet, pathetic, romantic, or melancholy, all of which Chadsey believed were merely "put on" for use out of doors? Well, she might wait; he could stand it as long as she, and be would rejoice to se her grow gray with longing.

Meanwhile little Frank grew in cha racter as well as inches, and determin-ing one day that his mother should not work any longer, he secured a position with a firm in which Chadsey was a silent partner. Chadsey did not learn for a fortnight of what had happened; when he found that Mrs. Hatcher was no longer what he called a common working woman, and that he himself was one of her son's employers, he was furious and demanded that the boy be discharged; but his partners outvoted him for their new clerk, being liked by every one was worth far more than he cost them.

Although baffled, Chadsey was not beaten. He felt that the boy was to ter than a political renegade. The lovers put their heads together,

fied his vengeful spirit from time to time by scolding the new clerk on slight pretexts. He soon found that this course was not safe, for the boy had tongue as well as spirit, and he occasionally retorted in a style that turned the laugh on the special partner. Then Chadsey determined to disgrace him and thus strike his mother. It would not be hard to do; the old trick of putting marked money, from the cash draw er into the young clerk's pocket would

answer every purpose, so he adopted it. Then there was a terrible scene in the store, and Mrs. Hatcher, with tears in her eyes, hurried up to plead for her boy. Chadsey had expected this with great glee, but before Mrs. Hatcher ar-rived the boy hed pleaded his own case to his employers with such spirit that the special partner had turned pale and walked aside into a wareroom, where one of the men heard him mutter-

"His mother's eyes! He has his moth

er's eves! Nevertheless, Chadsey, before abrupt ly quitting the store, had insisted that the case against the boy should be pressed. His partners, who had their suspicions as to how the marked money came in Frank's pocket, assured Mrs. Hatcher believed there must be som mistake, that they would not think of making the affair public, but that Mr. Chadsey, their special partner, insisted

"Then," said Mrs. Hatcher, turning very pale, "I must appeal to Mr. Chad

"You" exclaimed one of the partners so surprised that he gave a customer too change; "you appeal to Mr Chadsey?

"Certainly," said Mrs. Hatcher, turn ing to leave the store.
"Excuse me madam." said the partne but, in that case, I must accompany

It may be necessary to reason with that fellow by knocking him down. The couple went together to Chadsey lodgings, but could not gain admittance to his room, the door of which was lock ed, although the servant insisted that Mr Chadsey had come in an hour before and had not gone out again.

you.

"He's a coward!" exclaimed the partner, hammering at the door, and calling

Chadsey by name. Finally the door yielded to an extra effort, and the couple entered. No one was visible.

"This is very strange," said the parter, looking about the room. Then, as he looked at some papers on the table, he continued, "no it isn't, either-look

Mrs. Hatcher took a sheet of paper which the partner handed her, and put the marked money in Frank

Hatcher's pocket. I did it to avenge myself upon his mother, but he has his mother's eyes. "RALPH CHADSEY."

Mrs. Hatcher's eyes filled with tears so that for a moment or two she could not read a second sheet that was placed in her hands, so her companion read it aloud to her; it was a will, which, in a few words bequeathed all his property to Mrs. Helen Hatcher, formerly known

as Helen Grantham.
"He will revoke this in an hour. said the partner; "he never could live up to so much decency."

And the partner was right, for, on go Chadsey's bedchamber, found his special partner lying on the bed with a pistol in his hand and bullet-hole in his head.

# The Signing of the Declaration

Harper's Magizine for July.

In thinking of that instrument one i apt to call up before him an august a semblage gravely seated around a table with the declaration spread out upon it and each member of the Continental Congress in turn taking a pen and with great dignity affixing to it his name. Nothing, however, can be further from that which actually took place. Very few of the delegates, indeed if any, signed the original document on the 4th, and none signed the present one now in Independence Hall, for the very good reason that

it was not then in existence. On July 19th Congress voted that the Declaration be engrossed on parchment. Jefferson, however, says that New York signed on July 15. Consequently New ork must have signed the original copy of the Declaration before it got into the hands of the engrosser. On what day the work was done by the copyist is not known. All that is certainly known is that on the 2d of August Congress had the document as engrossed. This is the document in existence now in Independence Hall. It is on parchment, something that the trade calls parch-ment. On that day (August 2) it was signed by all the members present. The original Declaration is lost, or rather was purposely destroyed by Congress signatures were made anew When the business of signing was ended is not known. One, Matthew Thornton from New Hampshire, signed it in No vember, when he became a member for the first time; and Thomas McKean, from Delaware, as he says himself, not sign till January, 1777. Indeed, this signing was, in effect, what at the pres ent day would be called a "test oath, The principles of many of the new dele gates coming into Congress from the dif on first entering congress to sign the De-claration. In January, 1777, an authenticated copy, with the name of all the signers, was sent to each State for signatures—a fact which may have put a stop however, the little importance that was attached to this ceremony, that Robert R. Livingston was one of the committee of five that reported the Declaration, and

yet did not sign it, unless his signature is lost with the original document. The truth is, the Declaration of Inde pendence was considered at that time of much less importance than now; nor did the signers dream of its becoming a shrine almost of worship at the present

## The Lover's Plot.

Sir George Mackenzie, who flourished in the last half of the seventeenth cen Why Women Don't Want to Vote. tury, was one of the most eminent jurists ever known in Scotland, besides a brill-A prominent St. Louis gentleman, in a public speech recently, gave the follow-ing explanation of why it is that women iant man of letters. He inherited wealth and during his busy life he added so much to it that he became one of the do not show more desire to vote: may be admitted that the majority wealthiest men of his time. As a politi-cian he was self-willed and stubborn, and women are in doubt as to the duty and expediency of their exercising this fran-chise, and, therefore, they choose to be at times violent. Between himself and the young Earl of Bute a strong politi-cal difference existed, which neither at first witnesses of the experiment rather than co-operators. Such has been the history of all those grand movements in the progress of our civilization in all its showed a disposition to harmonize. Yet the earl had fallen deeply in love with Sir George's daughter, and the love was aspects. They have been started by the few, for only the few are gifted with the by her returned. The lovers knew that inspiration and philosophy of the insight and foresight that can perceive both the the stern old advocate would not consent to their union. In fact, it it is doubtful if Sir George would have admitted Bute wrong and the remedy, and nothing in the providence of such movements shows to his house as a friend. His feelings were deep and bitter, and he had been heard to denounce the earl as little betmore wisely for their constant advance and permanent success than this very timidity and hesitancy by people in gen-eral in their active participation." TAKE YOUR CHOICE,

and consulted. They were eager to be

it his recreant daughter, and that must

her not a particle of extra attraction for

him, yet he did not like the idea of hav-

ing his wife deprived of her just inheri-

George in his chambers, while the latter

held the office of king's advocate, and ap-

pealed to him for assistance.

Now, as man to man, in matters of bus

ness, in any way not involving brother-

y love, Sir George held the young ear

in high esteem; and there was no man o

his acquaintance whom he would have

more readily assisted legally. Further

more, the advocate had not the remotest

idea that Bute either loved his daughter

"Sir George," said the earl, when he

was ready to open his business, "there is a young lady in this city whom I dearly

me. Her father is wealthy. Now, sir !

care not for the lady's money; yet it would not be pleasant to have her fath-

er disinherit her. From this you can

judge that the father is opposed to our

union. At all events, we fear that such

is the case. Now, my dear Sir George, 1

know that you would not hesitate to

The old man nodded assent very pleas

ing to exert your influence in my behalf if I should marry the lady clandestinely

Your influence would be effectual, I am

And so the earl went on until he ha

brought Sir George not only to promise

his assistance toward preventing a disin-

heritance, but so far had the keen old law

yer entered into the spirit of the thing that he advised the earl, by all means,

to go ahead,
"Why," he exclaimed, forcibly, "the

man must be blind, or a fool, who would reject such an alliance for his daughter

t fair share of wealth and a coronet

Go on, my lord, and I will sustain you i

And the earl went ahead. That very

evening he arranged with the lady, and on the following day they were privately

In the evening Sir George missed hi

daughter. He had just inquired for her,

when a door was opened, and she and

the Earl of Bute entered, hand in hand,

and advanced straight to his chair and

Not a word of explanation was needed

The old advocate caught his breath,

furious flush half a dozen times and fin-

"Sir George, henceforth I shall take

great pleasure in sustaining my wife's

A hot response was upon the parent's lips, but he swallowed it; and gradually a sense of the absurdity of the situation

possessed him, and anon he burst into a hearty laugh, and the erring children

Senecharib Sykes.

"Wall, why don't you eat your vittles!

inquired Mr. Senecharib Sykes, glaring at his eldest son, Oliver, at the breakfast

"Are you sick, sweenied, or finan-

Oliver is by no means well," suggest-

ed Mrs. Sykes, "and I have no doubt

but that a change of scene in another climate would be beneficial to him."

'What's the matter with you?" inquir-

"I don't know exactly," answered Oli-

debility. I should like to go to some

"Go to some watering place!" whistled

Senacharib, dropping a potato from his

fork and shoveling a spoon of salt into

his coffee. "Weel, why don't yer go out

to the horse trough? I suppose yer want to take in Long Branch, don't yer? Want

six children by her first husband in the

background where yer never see 'em.

for idiotic invalids with wealth. They

are thicker than red ants at a picnic

up to Waukesha, Wisconsin, and drink

built with a small kitchen, nineteer

smoking rooms, and a dozen dog kennels,

without fetching away the back breadth

Texas steers to pay the expenses

plays 'Coming Thro' the Rye?'

changed from a deathlike paleness to

went down on their knees.

father," said the earl.

ally gave in.

were forgiven.

cially busted?

ed Senecharib.

watering place.'

one of the oldest names in the realm.

"And, sir, I think you would be

vouch for my worthiness."

love; and she has confessed her love for

or that he was familiar with her.

this daughter was an only child.

made man and wife. Of course, the Beliefs and Theories Which Have Obtained From the Time of Adam — The Small Boy's Sign. young lady could elope, and be married clandestinely, and the father could not help himself; but, ah, he could disinher-

"Don't pick up that pin. Let me, said a lady to a young man who stooped to pick that useful article from the car

not be. The young earl was not mer-cenary. The damsel's prospective wealth as heiress of her rich father, had given Why not, pray?" "Why, man alive, don't you see its head is toward you? It's bad luck to pick up a pin when the head is toward tance; and, naturally, he did not care to lose such a broad and grand estate, for one. I remember old Cy Henderson, who used to work for us, would come home from the church of which he was sexton, At length the earl hit upon a plan, and resolved to act upon it. He visited Sir and his coat lappel would fairly bristle with the pins he had picked up while sweeping. He always said that he could get as many more if he hadn't been afraid of bad luck that might follow him if he picked them up wrong end-to. Now, then, while you are standing there ou are just drawing bad luck to yourself. You are turning the chair round on one leg. I suppose, if you had the chance, you would just as lief carry a hoe or a rake through the house as not Everybody knows that brings the worst kind of luck.

The numerous cranky theories of which the human animal is possessed are sur-prising, and the foregoing is but a sam-ple. It is a matter of superstition that it is unlucky to pare the nails Sunday;to see the new moon over the left shoulder or through a tree. If one dreams of false teeth or having a tooth pulled it is unlucky. To dream of a marriage is considered by those who are wise in these matters, to be a sign of a funeral. To break a looking glass indicates that some one of the family will die, as does also the flying of a wild bird through the house. The sudden ringing in the ears sometimes heard, caused by some local irritation of the auditory nerves, is call-ed a death-bell, and the first person thought of is the one who will did. The peculiarity about this sign is that it is never known to be verified. If a dog lowl under the window of any one, that person will die before the year is out. It as the custom years ago, and in some of the more rural towns still obtains, that the male relatives of the deceased should wear their hats in church during the funeral services. The looking-glasses were hung with towels, and the clock stopped and all pictures of the deceased turned face to the wall. The bees were

told by some one of the family who was the one who had died.

The superstition which boys hold in egard to many things is very interestng, and after passing through that happiest event of a boy's life next to play ing hookey and going swimming, fight-ing a "bumble-bee" nest, it used to be the proper thing-to cure the stings-to rub the affected part with three kinds of grass and breathe on it. There is not a boy of 11 but can tell of innumerable charms for warts. One is this: party afflicted finds some one who will buy he warts of him, receiving in compensation therefor something, it matters not of now slight a value. The warts will all lisappear, at least children believe they lo. Most boys of 13 would give anything they own for a real lucky-stone, one with a natural hole in it. Sometimes a boy vill carry a buckeye for luck, but usually it is a man who is willing to swear that his rheumatism is cured by carrying it round in his pocket. It is supposed by many that camphor and asafeetida act is

disinfectants, and often at a funeral, when they have any suspicion of contagion, the odor of asafeetida is almost overpowering. It is not a pleasant perfume. The no-tion that that which has a strong smell disinfects is almost universal, as witness the widely prevalent plan of disinfecting a room by burning paper in it. The cu-rious may find in this superstition the explanation for the custom of burning incense in churches. Every silly sign, for it can hardly be dignified with the name of superstition, is that if a knife or fork be let fall while at the table, some one coming; if a fork, it is a man, if a knife ver; "I reckon it's some kind of general a woman. If a hen ever attempts to imitate her lord and master by trying to crow, she should then and there, without waiting for further developments, have her neck wrung. One ought never to buy anything or go in debt on New Year's day, because he or she will be paying out money or incurring debts all the year Work ought never to be commenced Fri

to blow in a couple of thousand dollars, or two hundred head of steers? Eve got day or Saturday; they are unlucky days and trouble will ensue before the under my opinion of these dished-up watering taking is finished. places. You'd like to go to Hot Springs, wouldn't yer, and mash some widder wo-man with her face calcimined, and the One strange thing about the superstitions of days is that even otherwise intel ligent people are goverened largely by them. One young man said to the writer that he meant to get married on a Fri Such creatures are always on the lookout day-out of pure brayado-on a rainy haired minister. He was going to invite Want to go to Newport, and be snubbed thirteen to the wedding and have the knives and forks laid in the form of a by thd aristoc, don't yer? Want to go cross, and spill the salt. It is worthy of stagnant pond water flavored with car-bonic acid gas? Want to go to Long of time he came to be wed he squeaked Branch and rent Gen. Grant's cottage, on his daring project and was married with as scrupulous a regard to the proprieties as anybody else.

don't yer? Think somd of going to Sar-The superstitions prevalent among children about animals are quite interesting. If a cat or dog follow one home, it is a atoga, and get yourself steered on to a bunko game? Want to go to Rye Beach, and suck rye whisky cocktails through a lucky sign, particularly if the animal be a cat. It is unlucky to have a black cat rye straw while the little German band grow up in one's house though if it came to one, no better luck could happen. It is unlucky to move a cat, but the ill-luck "Yes, sir, I've got my opinion of all these watering places, and it's a low one. You can't steal a side glance at the portmay be averted by taking a new broom er without paying him a dollar, and if into the empty house the first day. It you stub your toe its two and a half, is confidently believed that if the spider They will sell you a cigar for six bits called grandaddy long-legs is held fast and charge you ten cents for a match. and asked where the cows are, it will You can't move around on the gallery point in the right direction. If a horse hair is left in water long enough it wil of a lady's dress, and you can't saunter turn to be a snake. Those uncanny looking, double-winged dragon flies that hovinto the bar-room without rubbing against a saucer-eyed dude. The butter er rnund miasmatic ponds are as certains made in an iron kettle with a fire unknown to be snake-feeders as it is possider it instead of a churn; and the spring e for anything to be known to the small chicken is as springy as an injy rubber teething ring. My advice is to stay away from all such watering places; and, boy. They are certainly uncanny enough to feed almost anything. The idea is that this fly catches ants and bugs if you must recuperate your shattered and other small fry of the air and feeds constitution, why pack yer grip sack, pike for the banks of Newfoundland, and the snake. No definite commercial relaions between the snake as the party of the first part, and the snake-feeder as the put a coating of hard-boiled corns on the palms of your hands hauling in mackerel party of the second part, could be ascer party of the second part, tained. Southern people, and particu-larly colored people, call these double-winged gentry of the air, "doctor snakes," and codfishes. That's me, that's your old dad, Senecharib, and he's got the and they say that four or five of them will get together and hold a consultation over the sick reptile, and as long as he will take medicine they will give it to

> touched by a toad will have a wart comupon it. It is a cardinal doctrinal doctrine among boys that if a snake's head is cut off, its body will be alive till after the sun goes down, and the head will bite just as if it were joined to the body til after sunset.

fly away and leave him. For all that

he small boy believes that the toad is

MASHED PARSNIPS .- Wash thorough

Why He Left.

"Arkansas journalism was not very

"Arkansas journalism was not very inviting when I came to the State," said the religious editor of an apostolic publication, "but I came regardless of invitation. I entered the newspaper business at quite an early age, and soon became local editor of the Nashville "Union," a paper that flourished before the war. We had no reports in those semi-weekly days of southern journalism. The local editor was supposed to gather all the editor was supposed to gather all the news and write it in accordance with his own ideas. There was no managing editor. The editor was too much occupied with politics to pay any attention to news matters; so the local man, especially as his department was one of secondary consideration, had a comparatively easy time and very poor salary. One night I went out to report the closing exercises of the medical college. This was a great event in society circles, and a pa per containing a full account was treasur-ed by every one present. The political editor condescended to tell me to make a full report to our next edition, which came out on the following morning, and impressed in no small degree with my mission, I went forth to execute the great command. I had not gone very far when I met a party of friends. They recog-nized my importance and honored me accordingly, but ventured to suggest the propriety of going into a saloon and taking a drink. As I was rather early for the ceremonies, I went in and formed one link of a circle around a decidedly convivial table. We took several drinks, when I arose and declared that I must go. 'Sit down' said a friend. 'What the thunder do you care for a lot of doctors? You've got a programme, so what's the difference whether you go or not? I sat down again, and before I could realize how time had flown, a late hour had arrived. I hurried to the office and from the pro-

gramme wrote up a glowing account of the exercises. The editor read the proof and expressed himself highly gratified with the article. He became so enthus-iastic over it that he declared his intention of increasing my salary. I went to my room, pleased with myself and satisfied with the world. I lay in bed and smoked my pipe with a thrilling sense of pleasure. I dreamed of fresh laurels, of "I coming greatness as a journalist. I awoke with a pleasant recollection of the previous night. The editor's words were fresh in my ears. I would be a great journa-The servant entered the room and handed me the opposition paper. I held kentry. it for a moment and wondered if the poor fellow who wrote up the medical college exercises had received such compliments from the editor as I had swallowed. 'I'll read the poor fellow's report,' I mused. I looked for a double head but could not find it. 'Unequal to the occasion,' I thought. Just then my eyes fell upon the following sensational paragraph: Owing to the illness of Prof. Eve. the commencement exercise of the medical college; which were to have taken place last night, were postponed.' I was stun-ned. I reached for my pants. I left the room hurriedly. While I stood at the foot of the stairs, I saw my editor enter the front door with a shot gun. I

### slipped around, climbed the back fence sought the suburbs, and meditated. Female Clerks in Paris.

The editor of the Voltaire, says the London News, publishes some interest ing statistics, furnished him by the administrators of the Credit Foncier and Bank of France, on the employment of women in these establishments. M. Jansen, the head of a department of the Credit Foncier, states that he has always had full reason to be satisfied with the lady clerks. They were first brought in as supernumeraries during the emission of the lottery loan of 1879. Just then the correspondence was phenomenally great. It was necessary to verify more than 3,000,000 subscriptions, to say nothing of the myriads of hoaxing letters that were received. The fair supernumeraries showed a genius for distinguishing serious demands for serio from fieti tious. Forty-four of them were at first brought in. The number was raised to 120 and then two 202. In divining hoaxes they rendered very important service. Subscribers for fun, they dis covered, generally borrowed their name from books or transposed ordinary ones When the lady clerks ceased to be mere supernumeraries they got with ing quickness into the routine of the bus-iness. They are chiefly employed in writing letters, as cashiers, and, when they are good accountants, in striking balances. There is a feminine division in a separate wing. Nothing is so rare there as errors of inattention. At the Bank of France the highest character is given of the lady clerks. They have been found scrupulously honest and obedient to necessary discipline, though more quick in getting through business which is not in the ordinary routine than the other employes. Quite re-cently the governor of the Bank of France and the board of directors established a retiring annuity fund for the men. It has also been decided when auxiliary clerks are wanted to prefer women to men, because of their quick-ness in learning their business. The regular hours of work are from 9 to 4. Extra time is always paid for. Salaries are not docked when illness is certified.

## Poisonous Colors.

There was a time when they were hanging men and women for wearing of the green;" now such adventurous per die naturally. A Milwaukee girl is the latest victim and was fatally poisoned in the handling of green velvet over the counter. Prof. J. H. Long, chemist of the Chicago Medical College, states that such deaths are not only possible but of occasional occurrence. He believes that occasional occurrence. He believes that death is caused by the inhalation of a white powder arising from the fabric when handled, highly poisoned by an arsenical combination. Organic colors often contain much arsenic and copper, and he states that Scheele's green and Paris green, when used in fabrics, are very poisonous. German police author ities have published a long list of poison ous colors which are strictly forbidden in the manufactories of that country. These colors, Professor Long says, were formerly made of extracts of harmless plants, but these have recently given place to anilines, which, when made nim, but as soon as he refuses to eat, they properly are not poisonous. Anilines are poisonous only when the arsenic used the author of warts, and that every place as a function in their manufacture has not all been eliminated. Every shade of the rainbow may be produced from anilines, but the average cost is \$5 per pound, and manufacturers have resorted to rank poisons to produce cheaper coloration, and the user and not the producer has to suffer. Dr. Long describes aniline as one of the greatest triumphs of modern chemistry. Produced from coal tar, in which no coloration exists, but which, by ly and remove the skins by scraping:
a dozen processes of distillation and concut them in halves or quarters; pour
boiling water on them—enough to cover
them; boil until tender. Now pour off
the water and mash and prepare them
leading to the most brilliant nature. Madder red and indigo blue are
now made in the laboratory, but it cost ing substance of the most brilliant nature. Madder red and indigo blue are now made in the laboratory, but it cost Court of German chemists twenty years to dism. in said w. Example.

cover the secret. Very little if any col-oring matter is made in this country. The crude materials, Dr. Long says, such as benzole, are sent to Germany and other European countries where, by cheap skilled labor it is converted and mported. It is evident from the above that this country is lacking in stringent laws for the protection of its fabrics from cheap coloration and poison. The only practical information and poison. The only practical information a merchant can give is the cost of the articles. If it is cheap and high-colored, especially green, it is dangerous without doubt. He does not ask or know what ingredients enter into its construction, and is satisfied if it sells and he realizes on his investment. Of course men who deal in high-priced goods are quite certain as to their manu-

#### The Lime Kiln Club. Judge Cadaver Will Pay a \$1,100 Fine-Proverbs by Brother Gardner.

dge Cadaver has lately fallen into the habit of showing up at Paradise Hall an hour before the meetings open and studying art with no one to bother or make him afraid. By a careful inspec-tion of the busts of Caesar, Jackson, Clay, Shakespeare and Sumner, and by a close inspection of the three or four sacred horse pistols, the four renowned swords and the half-dozen chromos, he has become almost a connoisseur, and can almost tell the difference between a gen-uine Rubens and a ten store plaque. He was on hand as usual Saturday evening. Samuel Shin left him standing before the bust of Cæsar and went down stairs after an onion. Upon his return the judge lay senseless on the floor, and around him were the fragments of the busted bust. The judge had scarcely revived when the meeting opened, but there was no shade of pity in Brother Gardner's voice as he arose and said: "Judge Cadaver will be given two

weeks to replace de bust wid a new one havin' de same squint to de left éye. In case he fails to do so he will be fined about \$1,100. Gem'len, dar' am a few things I would call your 'tenshun to. De sezun has now arove for pullin' ole hats and pillers outer de broken winders, an' I seize de occashun to ax you to remem-

"Dat a front gate off its hinges means a slip-shod man in de house. "Dat a red nose means a hungry flour barrel.

"Dat no man eber got work sittin' on de fence an' discussin' de needs of "Dat de less politicks a man has de

mo' cash he kin pay his grocer. "Dat argyments on religion build churches nor pay de preachers.
"Dat a family which neber borrows nor lends keeps nayburs the longest. parlor "Dat beauty will starve in the whar' common sense will grow fat

"Dat the world am full o' mice holes an' all the cats need to do am to watel "Dat economy doan' mean buyin' kal-

ker for your wife an' broad-cloth for verself. "Dat progress doan' mean fittin' new buildins. doahs to

"Dat liberty doan' gin you de right to eat anoder man's chickens. "Dat success achieved by rascality am

a fish net made o' yarn.
"Let us now purceed to attack the reglar programmy o' bizness, an' if dar' am any mo coughin' an' spitten' ober in de fur co'ner sartin pussins will witness purceedin's that will cast a gloom ober

de nex' 50 y'ars." Sir Isaac Walpole said he would like to state that his motto has always been: Good luck nebber stops to wake a man up," and he then took up the bean-box and made a tour of the hall which resulted in the election of the following candidates: Presumption Jones, Elde Root, Phosphate Jackson, Prof. Ruggles Come Down Taylor, Duplex Mason, Gen. Harrison, Judge Biloxi and Gopher White.

## What a Lie Did.

Arkansaw Traveler.
"I once had an example of how well it s to tell the truth,' said a gentleman who was once a prominent candidate for Gov ernor of Arkansaw. "Sometime ago I was traveling on horseback through a very lonely part of the country. I was never a brave man, and I was not in the least surprised upon discovering that I was scared. Every rustle of the leaves, every sudden cry of a bird, startled me. I couldn't think of anything but robbers and desperadoes, and shuddered as remembered a man, who, years ago, had been found in the woods, murde n cold blood. Every feature of the chastly face up, and I turned sick, when the gaping wound in his throat came up with startling versimilitude.

"While I thus reflected, a short turn of the lonely road, winding around a thickly wooded hill brought me almost face to face with two men who seemed to be standing for me. Their horses were hitched to a neighboring grape-vine, and the suggestive manner in which sent a thrill, like a streak of ice-water up by back. I saw at once that they were desperate men, and felt that they would not hesitate to kill me. Fligh was out of the question, for any sucl move on my part would, I was convinced prove certain death. For the first time in my life I resolved to play the bully, and assuming what I fancied was an unconcerned expression, I said, 'good morn ing.

ng."
"How are you?" they replied. "Going "I don't know that it is any of you usiness', I replied. "I far? business', I replied. "I don't want an trouble with you for I have decided t lead a better life. Never again do want it said that he shed the blood of human being.' "A bad man, I ekon," said one of the

desperadoes.
"At one time I ould not have denied" such an accusation but, as I tell you, I have resolved never to kill another man. such an accusation I hope that you will "Hold on poduer!"

"Hold on podner:
"I've got no time to alk."
"But hold on! Why s your name?"
"I'm Bill Potson, the outlaw, and the man of whom you have often heard. I have killed men for less than this, and I don't want you to causefu breaking of my

"Do as you like about your resolve," wy loks a said the taller of the deperadoes. 'Is o hiad allike to give you a bit of advice. Loould's the know who you are, but I know the are not Bill Potson, the robber over to 'How do you know?" "Because, I am Bill Pots

my brother. "Oh, Lord!" I suppli TRY on me! "Climb off thatton &

mitted any depredations. I am a candidate for Governor of Arkansaw, and am on my way to meet an opponent at a place of discussion. You wouldn't hang a Governor, would you? Just think of what your State would lose!"

"Who is your opponent?"

"Colonel Blacket."

"What sort of a fellow is he?"

"He's a heal main."

"Oh, my kind friends! I hever co

"Are you well acquainted with him?"
"I never saw him, but I know that he's "He's a much better man than you are, or at least will soon exhibit more ca-

"He's a bad man."

pacity for executive duties than you can possibly show. In short, he'll be the liveliest man pretty soon."
"They put the rope around my neck. I prayed in vain. I asked the Lord to forgive my sins and closed my eyes, every moment expecting to be drawn

up."
"If I let you go will you promise never

"If I let you go will you promise never again to use my name."
"I swear I won't. Let me live and I'll be a better man. I'll do anything for you, and when I'm elected Governor I'll pardon you."
"All right, you may go this time. Take off the rope, John."
I mounted my horse and rode away, with tearful thankfulness and a determination never to tell another lie. Next nation never to tell another lie. Next day when I reached the place of discussion, a large crowd had gathered. When I approached the people were shouting with laughter. Great Alexander! Some one was relating my experience. Shoving my way forward, I recognized in the speaker the tall man who had accused me of taking his name. He was my op-ponent. I could not face the crowd, and left as rapidly as possible. The whole thing was a joke. At the election I was

### defeated by an overwhelming majority. Died at Nearly Six Score. Y. Herald, June 9.

Rebacca Hamilton, colored, died at to. 253 West Twenty-eighth street on Sunday evening last. Had she lived until December next it is claimed that she would have been 115 years of age, having been born in the town of Lyme, Conn., in the year 1768. Her neice Adeline Jackson, with whom she lived at the address given above, yesterday recalled for a reporter some of the recollections of the old woman. When she was a little girl her folks removed to Lebanon, tle girl her folks removed to Lebanon.
Conn., and she remembered having there
seen General Washington pass through
the town at the head of his troops and
often told vividly of how he went prancing by on his "pony," as she called it.
Sometime after that General Washington's clothes were stolen and a reward was offered for their recovery. The little girl while passing the woods not far from her home, espied something red in the hollow stump of a tree. Being afraid of it she ran home and told her mother, who upon going to the spot pulled out with a stick the missing regimentals. Her mother took them to Gen-

wich, and received the reward. She was fond of telling how, when she first came to New York city, nearly three-quarters of a century ago, "the boats sailed in Canal street," and her last place of residence in Twenty-eighth street was n the midst of woods. Down about the Battery and Bowling Green were the residences of the "big bugs." The old woman was twice married. She had three nieces and four nephews, most of them living on Staten Island. She was blind or nine years before her death.

eral Washington, who was then at Nor-

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